This morning, article by Sauvebois (?) in La *Critique independante* (on Gheon's book[15]), to which I reply at some length, explaining to him the attitude of the N.R.F.

Sunday

The weather is beautiful. If only I could catch hold of myself! Restlessness and not work still fills my days.

Yesterday morning lehl came to talk to me about his doubtful situation. . . .

"I came to Paris to make up my mind/' he says.

Through fear of making someone suffer, and through lack of will, what cruelties one can commit!

Took tea with Em. and worked until evening noting the addresses of our subscribers.

I was expecting Riviere after dinner. We were to go together to Wonderland. Not seeing him come, I was unable to keep myself in the house; I was afraid of my restlessness; I was unable to calm or to satisfy it by going out.

Went to kill an hour at the new cinema near the Font Mirabeau; *then* walked for some time; then got on the top deck of a trolley and did not come home until I had gone around the Trocadero* Absurd. And, back home, I felt even less calm than before.

Monday

We have had Valery, Ruyters, and Gheon to lunch; I was so tired that I left them after lunch to go and rest. Valery and Ruyters were tired themselves. Gheon too noisy; the conversation produced nothing* What patience my friends-must have to put up with me on certain days! The days on which I am most colorless my outbursts are most sudden and most violent; especially with Valery, as soon as he launches into a question of literature or art, my only desire is to cut it short at once.

At about three o'clock the Piots came, then Paul Dukas, with whom conversation was easier than usual, the first friends having left

At five o'clock I went to join A. B. at me de T. He strives to form opinion among those close to him. He succeeds in convincing himself, and his opportunism involves a sort of sincerity. When he gets ready to drop someone, he is likely to say: **The poor fellow* . . . After all, I can console myself by thinking that I did everything I could for him!** and "At least I can tell myself that . . * Yesterday his political declarations (by this I mean that showy kind of declamation behind which hide intrigue and spite), his noble and empty sentences, so completely

[18] *No$ Directions (Qw Directions)*, a collection of literary essays wfoing the aesthetics of the N.R.F. group, published in 1911.